

HARD TIMES ISSUE
FEBRUARY

NORTH Mission NEWS

POETRY CONTEST
see page 16

NORTH MISSION ASSOCIATION
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This is affluent America.



This picture is about having everything I want
I don't have to struggle - but I want to struggle.
I wish I could say I was interested in changing
the human condition, but everything I see tells me nothing
will work especially if it gets in the way of my happiness

Michael Mindel



This life is like a cheap sordid novel
the type middle America would like.
It's boring, I keep waiting for something
to happen.
I am doomed to be in this place,
I have no future.

Dennis 6/83

RICH AND POOR, a book by Jim Goldberg. see page 10

Hotline On Homing

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE
Mr. Ramon

"Baby" is, of course, a rolled up overcoat or backpack, your pillow for the night. The cold is everywhere. San Francisco is a cold city when it is cold.

I was lucky for a couple of weeks; a friend had left the cab of his miniature pick-up truck unlocked for me to use when it was dark.

Five weeks of searching for a room in the North Mission district was fruitless. There were no vacancies in the numerous hotels, all of them were contracted out to the City's "housing program", a far more lucrative and assured way of a guaranteed income on a 2-day basis than from the elusive transients' weekly rate.

So hotels with up to a third of their rooms unoccupied had stark NO VACANCIES in crudely lettered signs or

complacently blurted out mispronouncements of the English language.

Eventually it got too cold, even in the pickup cab. And then the rains came, dripping methodically through the edges of the door and the windscreen, misting the insides with a secondary dampness which no amount of stuffed newspapers could absorb and no amount of blankets could ward off. Like an invisible fog, the cold settled in your bones.

Numbed desperation made me ring a friend with connections into the City's emergency shelter programs for advice. Like anyone living in the Mission I was aware of their existence but not how to use them.

I was lucky. She made a number of phone calls and in about ten minutes she gave me the name and address of a hotel where I should register after work (at 9PM continued on page 4

Wintering Discontent

BY BRIAN DOOHAN

"Redevelopment, which contributed to a 35% decline in residential hotel rooms in the city over the past eight years, has been another factor in the increase in homelessness."

- from SF proposal for the mentally disabled homeless

The winter winds blow bleak and aimless through the Civic Center.

In the days between the demolition of the Crystal Palace Market and the subsequent capture of the block at 8th and Market Street by such as Carol Shorestein, Frank Lembi and Angelo Sangiacomo loomed Cardboard City, a Brigadoon of failure and despair.

Most downtown homeless enclaves have been destroyed by development... forever gone the colonies in Yerba Buena rubble and irate mutterings of the telephone company over the "campfires of the bums".

So the homeless have moved out into the open, sleeping, for example, on the steps and in bushes adjacent to a squat, one-story structure. Terrorists... bent upon subverting the credibility of authority... have fastened plastic graffiti to its wall above these sighing sleepers with their tongues stretched out to pavement blotched with desiccated chewing gum: MAYOR'S OFFICE OF HOUSING AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT
Over the last thirty years the number of the institutionalized mentally ill has fallen from 560,000 to 125,000. These hundreds of thousands roam America's streets by day and sleep by night in parks, shelters or flophouses.

Although only 7% of the estimated two million chronically mentally ill still live in institutions, 70% of the six billion dollars spent yearly by government

≡ Mail ≡

The time has come for a last stand in the battle between downtown interests and the neighborhoods. This last election when the Highrise Freeze Issue (Prop. F) received 41% of the vote when all the media (including the Bay Guardian) called it a joke shows that there is a broad cross section of support for more meaningful control of the downtown than the "Downtown plan". This "Plan" means the end of any unsubsidized low income folks being able to live in San Francisco and a quick end to the Mission as we now know it. This "Plan" allows an estimated preapproved additional 12-million square feet of office space to be built with just a token amount of new housing to absorb the associated housing demand of the new office workers.

What is at stake is debatable since one could argue that the already existing highrise worker housing pressure brought about by the unprecedented growth of high-density office space will mean unsurmountable housing displacement pressure in the years to come. However, there is still a good possibility of mitigating the displacement pressure in a way which would also mean more balanced growth for our beloved city.

There needs to be one simply-stated ballot measure which will call for developers to match their already approved office square footage with an equal or greater amount of housing square footage.

This same standard can apply to new office space but the more important battle is to slow the rate of growth of the pre-approved square footage. It will also be important that there be no more than one "slow-growth" proposition and that it not be open to being called "extreme" (spelled no-growth). If these criteria are met it should be possible to win a broad cross-section of support from progressives and conservatives alike who do not like the way their city is being transformed from neighborhoods to office-worker housing.

Chris Collins

The question of neighborhood improvement has always been an issue in San Francisco. I feel that it's important who is doing the improvement.

The neighborhood? Or the City government? The City manifests its influence in many ways, some disguised, others not.

The Mission versus SOMA? Has it finally come to that?

I believe it has.

The filth on the streets is being blown away by a wind. A wind so foul, so disgustingly human I cannot imagine whose bowels spawned it.

I have never met Dianne Feinstein, but I have heard a lot about her. Apparently her reign started with a bang and she has been generating ever since.

The "Downtown Plan" has been spreading, it infected and then re-created SOMA as we now know it, driving artists out, real estate prices up, and small business down.

It is now creeping under the 101 and into the Mission... Check out the maps in the new South of Market handbook SOMA DIRECT (Premiere Issue & Free).

Theater Artaud is being surrounded by the new "Gift Center District". The real estate promo reads like a Viking raid! rape, pillage and arson. Of course the Mission is familiar with real estate companies... Check out Skyline, Anchor, and Landmark Realty.

But the Mission is unfamiliar with city minions dressing in trendy clown suits, spouting off about how much money they can raise... Check out Susana Montana and the Vats.

Nor is it familiar with self-proclaimed visionaries who pretend to support the arts but cannot even pay for their services... Check out Mark Renne and art exhibits at Club Nine.

It is too bad the supervisors are not elected within districts like they used to be. Perhaps it would have helped.

Instead, we have globe-trotting toilet inspectors who make their activities all too obvious every time they open their mouths.

There are two major groups in the Mission found in greater numbers there than anywhere else in the City, Latinos and Artists.

The City stopped the low-riders on Mission Street, but it did not stop La Raza or the Mission Cultural Center.

SOMA has not laid claim to the Latinos but it tries to Artists. But whatever happened to the Goodman Building and Group?... Check out the Artspace Development Corporation.

Artists are independent, they do not form coalitions, artistic zoos, or buy clubs. Most San Francisco Artists can be found in the Mission. It has cheap food, cheap spaces, good cafes, the Roxie and atmosphere.

Sure there are prostitutes in the Mission but unlike SOMA, they do not work for the City.

The Mission has a certain balance, creative, relaxed and even international. But not trendy. Small business abounds and prospers.

There are those who masquerade and pose, those with slimy, unethical and hollow-headed little men leading them... Check out New Generic at 2 Clinton Park.

A lot of them slither under the 101 into SOMA where there are those stupid enough to listen... Check out New Generic Productions at Martin Weber's Gallery.

There is no real relationship between artists and the City of San Francisco.

There is no relationship between the Mission and SOMA excepting a common boundary which SOMA, the City, pseudo promoters and real estate developers seem to want to change.

I do not like what I see

and smell.

I do not want the cafes to change, small business to die, Latinos and Artists to leave, and prices to skyrocket.

The Mission is in trouble, in danger of being annexed, and SOMA is the enemy.

Artists are the heart of the Mission and small business the brain, each will die without the other. The onus is on the small businesses to organize and set a course. The smell of SOMA is growing every day.

It is time the North Mission Association was revitalized, and serious thought and action applied to keep the Mission unique.

The Mission is not a horrible crimeridden eyesore, the Mission is the heart of independent art in this city.

I appeal to small business owners and property owners to save and preserve the Mission and its art, character, architecture and uniqueness. You are the only ones who can.

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San Francisco

You'll enjoy it.

Continued from page one

on that day) and good for 2 nights. It was the...

MIRADI HOTEL on Hyde. After checking in with what would become a familiar stern stricture "No guests or visitors, check-out 8 AM, leave your key at desk when you go out," I took the elevator to the fifth floor.

A whiff of curry smells told me at once that the owners and management were vegetarian East Indians. Although my foot and heart sank in the lush red carpeting of this touristy "posh" hotel, I was anxious to see what my room offered.

When I accustomed myself to the light switch, I could not believe my eyes!

Two large single beds, an attached bathroom/shower and toilet, ample closet space and a color TV set! After bathing and entering between the clean white sheets of the comfortable bed, stretching my full length for the first time in centuries, it was obvious to me that heaven could not hold better delights.

The two nights were over too soon.

The hotel had been provided by the Housing Hotline and for my next accommodation I would have to do my own footwork. This procedure is worth noting for its eccentricities. It involves the following:

1) arriving at 150 Otis Street anywhere between 9 and 11:30AM, depending on the frame of mind of that day's official. You ask for a ticket - a number.

2) You are asked to return at 1:30, regardless of whether or not you ask for a number. This is important to remember. You are not given one unless you know and ask for it.

3) You arrive at 1:30PM and are asked if you have a number. If not, you stand in line for one. If you have one, you join about 60-100 people already seated on stack-away plastic chairs.

4) At about 2:30 numbers are called out. If you are lucky, so is yours. Sometimes not. There are only so many rooms and hotels to be assigned, and you are asked to return the next day. It is now about 3:30 PM.

5) You are lucky. You have been called. You are given the name and address of a hotel, good for 2 nights.

6) You have to register at the hotel anywhere after 5 PM, but not later than 6PM if you want the room regardless of your work schedule.

7) You register at the hotel (anywhere from the Tenderloin to South of Market or the Mission) and try and return to your night work shift.

8) You wake up early the second morning, check out, and report to the above for your next hotel.

If you apply for a hotel on a Friday morning, again

depending on your luck and the official's discretion, you may be assigned a room for the weekend ie. 3 nights and return to the ritual on the following Monday. Thus, not to be homeless on Sunday, it is worthwhile to skip Monday and start on a Tuesday.

On the average, you will spend over 6 hours for a roof over your head for 38 hours of which you actually use it for about 16 hours at the maximum. An expensive ratio of 3:8 in time, energy and stress, not to mention uncertainty.

My next hotel was the...

ANXIOUS ARMS on Folsom and Sixth. I misheard the name as Ancient Arms but no, it was Anxious. I wondered what comforting arms would embrace me.

This, too, turned out to be a pleasant experience in spite of the seedy address. The hotel was clean and neat with a kind of rustic homeliness and little thoughtful touches like plastic sealed water glasses on your sink, soap and fresh towels and little wrought/iron tables - one even in the bathroom with an ash tray on it. Pleasant and civilized and restful.

My stay here ended on the Friday morning after Thanksgiving Day. There were no rooms for the weekend... Friday being a state holiday as well. By and by I wound up at the...

EL CAPITAN, Mission near 20th. This hotel has had a notorious reputation over years and is usually described as "the jailhouse" by knowledgeable locals.

Entering through steel-barred doors on the first floor to register confirms it, as you are suspiciously buzzed in. This elaborate security does not extend to the privacy of your room. Room #209 faced the street and was noisy and dilapidated. Shards of a broken mirror dislocated your face as you stared at it over a sink where only one faucet worked. The mottled bedside rug was askew.

On the second night, I entered my room, where my backpack & other belongings were clearly on the side table, to find a stranger fast asleep on my bed.

Summoning the manager brought apologetic explanations, and an improvised bed somewhere in a corridor where I lost my bearings and my glasses in the early morning chill.

The toilets were unusable and without paper. One begins to become a stranger to oneself in bed. I left early to return around midday to pick up my backpack, nonchalantly handed over to me by a female desk clerk.

No sign of my glasses.

(On December 16, under the headline "Welfare Mom's Plea for Decent Housing" by Katy

Butler was a newspaper story about the Dickensian conditions she and her daughter lived in and the systematic harassment by the manager. It came as no surprise to me that the squalor described was the El Capitan.)

After two or three more turndowns at the Shelter Hotline (no vacancies as Christmas came nearer), I called my friend again for help. I was tiring of this perpetual two-day relocation in any case. This time, the resourceful lady put me in touch with the Salvation Army shelter, where the minimum stay was for two weeks.

SALVATION ARMY SHELTER, Eddy Street. I quote from their intake leaflet which speaks for itself:

Hours of Operation: 6:00 PM to 6:00 AM daily

Gate Opens: 6PM (you sit in an open yard until...)

Admission Begins: 8:30 PM.

You are let in four at a time, undress, shower, stash your clothes and belongings in garbage bags and change into pyjamas provided. Coffee and sandwiches served at 10PM. A raffle held for extra sandwiches, usually two or three. Lights out at 10:30. Wake up at 5AM. Dress, stand out in the dark courtyard for coffee and donuts. Wait until 6AM to leave.

It is difficult and unsafe to do much in the Tenderloin at 6 on a winter morning except watch the street cleaning trucks.

Rules are simple: 1) No Alcohol or Drugs, 2) No smoking or eating in the building, 3) No weapons, 4) No violence or threats, 5) No disruptive behavior.

Disregarding any of them

PIZZA WARS



WHEN THE GOING GETS
TUGH ... THE TUGH
EAT PIZZA.



DELIVERS*

*on the sunny side of Market Street

550-8080

2823 Mission at 24th Street

would result in instant dismissal.

The 14-day stay must be used consecutively, after which there has to be a 90-day period before you are eligible for entry again.

Salvation was truly Army in style.

In a longer account, one could detail the conversations and people one meets in this off-street brotherhood (you are always on the pavement anyway). You admire the patience and stillness of so many different individuals who have to erase time between the inevitable lines, the hours between one door opening after another is shut.

It is an endless kaleidoscope of perpetual immobil-

ity. A very un-American, non-American activity.

Five days later at mid-day I was walking around 16th Street paying off bills. It was dark when I woke up to bright lights and green masked figures peering at me.

I was told I was in the intensive care unit in San Francisco General Hospital being treated for hypothermia. I was covered with hotlines everywhere: oxygen in my mouth, penicillin in arms, several other IVs wherever a vein showed.

I was told my body temperature had been down to 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

The hotlines were shelter, were life. San Francisco General was warm.

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COMMUNITY HEALTH

For the past two years, the Integrated Health Studies Program at the New College of California has presented a series of lectures entitled "FOCUS ON HEALTH". These lectures have examined topics in health, disease and medicine from the esoteric to the political.

In response to a student initiated effort, this program will now seek to directly involve the community in determining the subject matter to be presented. In this way, the Integrated Health Studies Program can best respond to the health and health care needs of the community in which it is located -- the Mission.

The means for soliciting community input will be multiple. First, on Monday February 3rd, at 7:30PM in the Theatre at New College, a Community Forum will be held to allow community members to provide input into the program. People will be gathering to discuss possibilities for presentations which they consider important for their health and the health of the community.

Secondly, a series of workshops will be conducted throughout the Spring Semester to ensure continued and widespread involvement. Finally, it is hoped that an Advisory Board of concerned community members can be formed to provide continued direction.

The "FOCUS ON HEALTH" series runs from February to May. The schedule for February has been established. The topics are as follows:

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3: COMMUNITY FORUM: HEALTH IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST:

A meeting to discuss the community's needs and wishes for health topics.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10: FANTASY AND IMAGINATION: ITS ROLE IN ACHIEVING HEALTH:

Stan Dale, Author.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17: SPECIAL PRESENTATION IN HONOR OF BLACK HISTORY MONTH: "TRADITIONAL AFRICAN MEDICINE AND ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR THE HEALTH OF BLACK AMERICANS:

Presenter: Roland Foulkes, President of ROOTS, Traditional Medicine of the African Diaspora.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24: MOVIE/SLIDE SHOW: PROJECT PIAXTLA: VILLIGER RUN COMMUNITY HEALTH CARE IN MEXICO.

Produced by the Hesperian Foundation, publishers of DONDE NO HAY DOCTOR, a manual based on the project.

The Integrated Health Studies program believes that it can best "Serve the People" by involving them. We hope to be able to make that possible.

For further information, contact Michael J. McAvoy at New College, 777 Valencia, 626-1694.

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Continued from page one
goes to the institutions.

Conservatives blame the ACLU and the labor unions for the meas. Liberals fix the blame on corrupt or uncaring bureaucrats.

While they hiss and claw at one another the mentally ill... and the public... pay the cost.

On Sunday, December 1, one of these statistics rode the N-Judah to the end of the line, got off "looking for someone to kill", and killed an elderly woman.

According to neighbors, Daniel Thornton, a veteran of the shuttle between board and care homes, prisons,

hospitals and the street was disturbed that his counselor was ill and felt nobody cared about him.

"He said he needed help," Police Inspector Earl Sanders told the Examiner (12/2) "and figured this was one way to get attention."

The State of California, has responded to the problem of the homeless mentally ill by authorizing a \$20 million budget augmentation to the Department of Mental Health.

These funds, divided among 58 counties, have been targeted to provide services and counseling. In a memo drafted by George Peterson of the Health Dept. to the State on December 6th, a broad interim outline of San Francisco's problems and potentialities can be gleaned.

The City's share of these State monies, counting the mandatory 10% matching funds will amount to slightly over \$1.1 million.

(By comparison, Governor Deukmejian claimed that \$1.2 billion already budgeted to new prison construction is insufficient, and an additional \$400 to \$500 million is needed - Exam. 7/17/85.)

The proposal is an interesting one, a blend of flaws and opportunities, with rather more of the latter than usually emanates from City Hall.

Most encouraging is the possibility of community access to decision making at several interim stages.

According to Peterson, recommendations are to first be brought before the Health Commission then, hopefully, before the Board of Supervisors' Health Committee towards the end of February.

A final plan will go before the board in March and, if approved and signed by the Mayor, the proposed services should be operational by July.

The San Francisco proposal is broken down into six funding categories. Clinical support services presently funded by the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation will be expanded.

The other five programs are new, and include special services for addicts and alcoholics, seniors and veterans, and an increase in the facilities provided by the Tenderloin and South of Market clinics.

The most extensively funded (at nearly \$400,000) and perhaps the most innovative proposal is a Community Housing, Advocacy and Support category including provision of such amenities as laundry, shower, storage and, most importantly, mail services.

It is impossible to pin down the number of people whom, because of homelessness, are denied State and Federal benefits to which they are legitimately entitled.

A few of the more "fortunate", Peterson declared, have been receiving mail through shelters, including such hotels in the Contract Compliance program as are described in this month's NMN articles "Baby, It's Cold Outside" and "Complaint Department".

Where innumerable clients, some mentally confused, are being shuttled through the shelters, their mail service has a potential for misunderstandings.

Moreover, public assistance laws do not look with kindness on the policy of receiving welfare checks by post office box. The concern is a legitimate one.

Peterson indicated a need to draft a process balancing the entitlement rights of the homeless with taxpayer concern about fraud.

He indicated that the legislature, which motivated the grant, may have the capacity to resolve this contradiction. "We'll have to work things out."

A more nebulous problem is in the number and location of such facilities as are proposed in the project.

"The problem with services is that they're concentrated in the central city," stated Bob Prentiss of the Health Department.

And Peterson admitted that some neighborhoods with a high homeless population would probably remain devoid of the targeted services. The Haight, despite its proximity to the vast unofficial shelter of Golden Gate Park is unlikely to benefit by the grant. The Mission is also problematic; although persons who are not elderly, confused or sick will probably be able to walk to services in the Tenderloin or South of Market.

Centralization of homeless facilities downtown will, sooner or later, conflict

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with "revitalization" plans encouraged by the Mayor and Chamber of Commerce.

In a special Chronicle feature on the gentrification of SOMA (2/18/85), Police Captain Robert Farni declared: "I spoke to some people who put a million and a half bucks into a garage at 7th and Harrison they want to turn into a Studio 54-type after-hours place.

"In five years you won't recognize this neighborhood at all. The down-and-outers on 6th St. will be pushed up to 16th St. and, after that, way out into the Mission."

"Why do so many people now believe that homelessness is a psychiatric problem?" replies Thomas Szasz, a critic of psychobureaucracy. "Because they want to treat homeless people as if they were insane."

"If you don't eat and don't sleep," advises Howie Harp of Berkeley's Independent Living Project, "you go crazy. Anyone would."

The bad news, accordingly, is that the San Francisco plan allocates 86, 88, 93, 100, 96 and 100% of State funds for its six programs to mental health professionals (to at least keep these educated and important citizens sheltered from winter's chill).

The good is that Peterson and Prentiss, unlike many of those who accept a City paycheck, are cognizant of the contradictory policy of hurling psychiatrists at economic problems.

"It's going to be tough," Peterson responded to the prospect that, if the State funds help the homeless get their act together, hundreds or even thousands of such "success stories" will enter the already brutal competition for the remains of the City's affordable housing.

Homelessness, he explains, "wears on the psyche". Each of us has a breaking point, a quota of days or weeks or months of cold and hunger after which the manifestations, if not the reality,

of mental illness takes hold. For some, this economic illness precipitates a decline which will never be reversed.

Coincidentally, the Planning Department's recently issued Residential Hotel Status Report reveals that rents for single rooms have nearly doubled in the last four years.

If the housing isn't there these people will go right back to shuttling between Cardboard City and expensive jails and hospitals. One questions the mental status of those who propose and maintain such a system.

A suggestion frequently voiced is that vacant properties be acquired and rehabilitated as community-based shelters.

But there are still four opportunities for the Mission to speak out against official madness:

- 1) Community Advisory Board - meets Jan. 27 and Feb. 17. Information 558-2564.
- 2) Mental Health Adv. Board - meets Feb. 5th, City Hall Room 2c (basement) 7PM. Information 558-5533.
- 3) Health Commission - meets Feb. 4th and 18th. Information 558-3348
- 4) Supervisors' Health Comm. - meets Feb. 11th & March 11 (Walker -chair, Britt, Ward)

Thereafter, the proposal will be brought before the Supervisors, five of whom will be up for election in November.

Ironically the inclusion of mail service may have a bearing on that contest, for recent court decisions have affirmed the right of the homeless to register and vote.

 * "Fire and Gold" by Brian *
 * Doohan is an examination *
 * of the links between San *
 * Francisco's slumlords, *
 * gentrifiers, developers *
 * and politicians. Parts *
 * have appeared in the NMN *
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AIDS AND THE POOR - by Misha Cohen

As we have discussed previously in this column, AIDS is a disease of alienation.

The people who have been diagnosed with AIDS are primarily gay men, intravenous drug users, Africans in parts of Africa, Haitians and black people (especially in Florida) and all of these groups have a combination of living in a society which does not accept them.

Self denial, self-hatred and alienation associated with international society's view and unsanitary living conditions (especially among blacks, Africans, Haitians and intravenous drug users), along with increased exposure to the virus HTLVIII exists within each group.

I mention black people here because recent statistics show black people to be 25% of those contracting AIDS in the U.S. while black people comprise 13-14% of the total population.

The increase of AIDS among blacks is growing faster while among the gay (mostly white) population it is slowing down.

AIDS, as of the beginning of January, has become the leading cause of death for young men in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Use of intravenous drugs now accounts for a large proportion of the increase in AIDS. The primary population using intravenous drugs are poor, alienated people - particularly blacks and others such as Latinos who are forced by our society into drug addiction.

According to the chronicle of Jan. 8, 1986, "AIDS has become an affliction largely of the poor, ethnic minorities in such Eastern cities as Newark and New York City where its spread among intravenous drug addicts is outpacing AIDS increases among gay men."

Manufacturer of the Dalkon Shield, A. H. Robins, has filed for bankruptcy. If you have had a Dalkon Shield IUD in the past and had injuries, you must file claim by April 30, 1986. This date is an extension recently granted. If you need to file claim or want information call Action Alert for Women at 436-4500 or 1-800-DS-ALERT, or write P.O. Box 4796-94101, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Yet poor blacks, Latinos and other poor people cannot afford health care and are filling the wards of city-run hospitals.

The alternative programs of nutritional supplements, meditation, personal counseling, acupuncture and herbs are often out of reach even in the most affordable of conditions (see previous AIDS article).

We in the AIDS alternative healing project also find that there is great opposition among many medical doctors (in City hospitals especially) to using alternative treatment, leaving those who want to try on their own to also pay on their own.

While the solution in general is to build a society in which health care is for people, not for profit, in the meantime we encourage practitioners to offer their services at a low cost. We also encourage people with AIDS to ask practitioners to work with them on a lower scale or take Medi-Cal if they have limited funds.

The AIDS alternative healing project is also offering very inexpensive support groups for people working with holistic methods and a positive view. The AAHP offers three hour groups on a sliding scale of \$2 - \$5, not refusing anyone for lack of funds.

One group is closed because it is full and another is almost closed. However, more groups can be started if needed.

Some acupuncturists and other alternative healers will take Medi-Cal or lower fees. People with AIDS or AIDS related conditions need to check around.

Contact the AIDS alternative healing project by calling Misha Cohen at Quan Yin at 861-1101 or Alan Brickman at 668-1611.

BOARD



GAMES

- by Nick Hornsfelt

Imagine my surprise last week when I pulled my '73 Vega into what had been Ed's Body & Combustion Shoppe to find a new sign proclaiming Ed's Brace & Bite Repair - Three Chairs, No Waiting!

When I found Ed with both hands in the mouth of a lady who had met Morpheus aided by a nearby bottle of Wild Turkey, he explained:

"I'll tell ya, ya might have begun to suspect after 13 years of my working on your car as a mechanic, I leave a mite to be desired, and I always had a hankerin' to go into dentistry so here I am, a dream come true."

With that, the lady seemed to rally and started screaming bloody hell, so I beat a hasty retreat.

I can't blame Ed, after all he's only following the lead of that august body of civic leadership, the Board of Supervisors.

Over the past few weeks, while funding ran out for teh Senior Escort Service that aided thousands of elderly residents, and the security guards almost left Rosa Parks Apartments to the mercy of thugs, Board members spent days dabbling in international politics - South Africa and its "morally repugnant system of apartheid practiced by that country's white government".

Apartheid is hot press!

Harry Britt and Willie Kennedy and Doris Ward put together the proposal that would be discussed at the December 11th Finance Committee meeting.

In a nutshell (where it seems to have come from in the first place) the legislation would strike down apartheid by "prohibiting city government as a whole from investing or depositing money, contracting for any services, or buying any merchandise from businesses with ties to South Africa".

This would mean no new contracts with IBM, Xerox, GE, Kodak, Exxon, Mobil, Chevron, GM, Ford, Goodyear, Firestone, Uniroyal, Coke, Pepsi, Dr. Pepper, Gillette, Revlon, Kraft, Kellogg's, Carnation, Band-aid, American Express, B of A, Anacin, Reader's Digest, or the city accounting firm Peat, Mar-

wick, Mitchell & Co., just to name a few.

Now you and I might get by without these guys, but imagine a city without spare parts for buses, cars, gas, tires, banks, office equipment, and the Mayor without makeup!!

On December 11th, ties were tightened, panty hose hiked up, and the doors of the Finance Committee opened to the public.

Citizens quoted St. Thomas Aquinas, implored that this matter be left to the voters, and one member of the chamber of commerce was very practical and asked "If a South African wants to buy a \$75,000 painting in a San Francisco gallery, how can the deal be closed?" The kind of thing I lose sleep over myself.

On the moral battlefield of finance, some of the greatness of our Board showed through when they questioned representatives of the big corporations.....

Nancy Walker:

"I am concerned about how this (bill) will affect credit card use."

Louise Renne, trying to understand how Arthur Anderson sets up its international accounting offices in various cities: "It's like a McDonald's franchise?"

And the winner of the

Board Blooper of the week,

Louise Renne again with:

"Look, we're going to pass this anyway, but can someone tell me what in the hell is a 'corresponding banking relationship'?"

This lady sits on the Finance Committee!

Quentin kept quiet and Hongisto arrived an hour and forty minutes late. The bill passed the Finance Committee to go on to the Board for January 7th vote.

The press quotes changed tone.....

Sup. Molinari:

"It would be a zoo around here- an economic disaster."

So? This would be a difference?

Chamber of Commerce Executive Director John Jacobs observed:

"The Board's measure does more damage to the City than to South Africa."

What a great motto for the Board, "Damage is our Business"!

On January 7th, the Board refused to deal with the issue because 3 of the 11 members were absent, giving themselves time to drop this hot potato somewhere else.

The outcome? Well, everyone got their names in the papers.

As for the Senior Escort Service or permanent funding for security at senior housing, San Francisco seniors of all races face the prospect of "township" life where if they dare to go out at all, they won't go far.

Apartheid is an evil, but then so is apathy and we seem to have apathy in our own front yards.

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In this issue of the *North Mission News* you will find several articles on what life is like when you are poor in San Francisco. In fact it is not very different being poor in this city than in any other city in America. And the way we treat our poor people is a direct consequence of the way the United States conducts its economic business, both here and in the rest of the world.

In the U.S. we have constructed a myth of rugged individualism and hoot strap economics. Poor people are poor because they want to be poor or are too lazy to take advantage of the opportunities America offers. People are homeless for the same reason.

Starting with the depression in the 30's, the election of FDR and continuing through the term of Jimmy Carter, the U.S. government acknowledged, if half-heartedly, its responsibilities to the poorest people of this country and enacted various laws and programs to assist poor people.

Except for social security these programs were not universal. the welfare system had (and has) as its basic assumption that poor people were stupid, lazy and dishonest. A direct result of those assumptions was the imposition of onerous conditions of eligibility on potential welfare recipients.

In order to get welfare a person had to give up many rights that we take for granted. For example in order to receive welfare checks a person had to allow periodic checks of their home in order for the government to make sure that the recipient didn't have any possessions that weren't absolutely necessary for life.

And the welfare system never provided the amount of money necessary for families to sustain more than a mean existence, bounded by a harping bureaucracy and petty rules that seemed designed more for inflicting the maximum amount of humiliation than providing for the sustenance of a family.

After all if we are going to give money to stupid, lazy good-for-nothings then we are damn well going to make them pay for the privilege; pay in the currency of humiliation, abuse, denial of rights and invasion of privacy.

To this day the welfare system in this country is a travesty; more a caricature of how to help people than a viable system of delivering benefits to needy people. There is still no limit to how poor you can get. This country has never seen fit to proclaim that all of its citizens are entitled to certain basic minimum requirements, food to eat, a place to live, decent clothes to wear and adequate medical care.

It is as if we were afraid that if everyone was guaranteed a basic minimum survival level then no one would work. Why work when you can get a free place to stay and free food. This reasoning also seems to drive the meanness of the welfare system.

Now, with the election of Ronald Reagan and the coming of the so-called new conservatism, even the meager subsistence we provided to our poorest citizens has been cut.

If you read the papers or watch the tv news you have seen the ghastly statistics on who is poor in this country. Mostly it is women and children.

Over the past ten years we have seen a massive shift in the pattern of poverty. We have shifted resources from the young to the old. We have raised most of the old people in this

country above the so-called poverty line and pushed many women and children below it.

Social Security, the main engine pulling this transfer of resources remains off limits to cuts. The reason for social security remaining sacrosanct is easily discerned—everyone is eligible for social security and it has become political suicide to target social security for changes.

Despite attempts to convince us otherwise, social security is not much different from Aid to Families With Dependent Children (AFDC). Money is being transferred from one segment of the population to another.

My aim here is not to question the social security program but rather to point out that enriching one group while impoverishing another is one consequence of the way the American economy operates. The creation of an economic underclass is an inevitable result of a system that allocates the greatest resources to its greediest citizens.

There is simply no excuse for one person to have billions of dollars in assets while millions of others do not even have a place to live.

I am always amazed when I find

people who are surprised when businesses do things like dump toxic chemicals on the highways, or sell products they know are dangerous. The American economic system actively encourages this type of behavior by providing greater benefits to the purveyors of death than it exacts in penalties.

Even more telling in the last twenty years is the war that has been waged against government. The people who were preaching the evils of government in the background have, with the ascendancy of Ronald Reagan, been brought to the forefront.

We have been treated to a constant barrage about how the government is wasteful, the people who work for the government are slothful and nothing the government does works. This unremitting assault has left us with a government filled with people who don't seem to care. Bureaucrat has become an epithet and the people who work for the government are the victims of unending vituperation.

We are further told that the "private sector" can better solve the problems the government couldn't.

What a crock of shit. Are we really going to entrust our country to the people who gave us Bhopal, the pinto

and the Firestone 500. Give me a break. We need government to protect us from those people.

Moreover, close examination reveals that the manner in which America treats its poor people fits into a continuum with the way the United States interacts with the rest of the world, especially the poorer countries.

Several years ago the debt crisis of the third world made headlines everywhere. Poor countries had been encouraged to borrow money, mostly from American banks. When the world economy hit the skids these countries were hardpressed to make the payments. The danger that was stressed was not the danger faced by these developing countries but rather the danger that American banks would be destroyed.

To the rescue rushed the International Monetary Fund (IMF). But in order to get more money the developing nations had to accept the IMF's conditions. In this case the IMF acted (and acts) as an enforcer (Hey, you don't pay the vigorish. Okay we break your legs.) And in every case the conditions imposed further impoverished those citizens least able to bear a further cut in their standard of living.

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RICH



and

I haven't done anything to promote it, but she seems to think that she is Shirley Temple

She is so sophisticated

I wonder what she may become.

Jeff Stinson

"Rich and Poor" is a new photodocumentary book by Jim Goldberg, which contains black and white photos of San Francisco's rich and poor, accompanied by comments from the participants themselves.

Photographed in their own surroundings, be it palatial mansion or transient hotel, the human vulnerability of the individual emerges.

"A picture is worth a thousand words," goes the old proverb that comes to mind when reviewing Jim Goldberg's photo essay book "Rich and Poor".

Some photos leave you speechless as deep emotions of anxiety emerge seeing people at the margin of society full of despair. In this book, Jim has brilliantly exposed the lives of people who live in the transient hotels of the city. There are people who we see every day in the streets, ambulating with no place to go. Through his work, he has brought us to their hotel rooms.

In the same fashion, he's brought us to the homes and mansions of the rich, showing us how they view themselves. What one sees from the rich is contentment with their wealth and the

privilege that goes with it. They lead protected lives against the crude life outside and the wealth they must preserve.

With the wave of a magic wand, rich and poor are humanized. What is most revealing is not the difference between those who are rich and poor, but their similarities.

Among the children of the poor one boy, upon looking at his photograph, said of himself, "I think I'm stupid. I always do something wrong." His brother wrote "... I look scared", and the other brother says "... the hotel is rotten, I want to move."

This is contrasted with a rich kid who says "I like living incognito. People are envious of my wealth. I can't help having been born with money. I try to ignore the hurt and hide it all away where I don't have to deal with it. I can't escape being a Zellerbach."

What one sees is a society where the illusion of class mobility is replaced with a caste system where one who is born into it remains!

Can one not make the connection "where there are rich there are poor" or, "without poor, there can be no rich"? These ideas begin

to surface as one reviews this book.

What else does one observe from this book? The disarray of the lives of the poor, the disorder, squalor, general lack of control over their lives... whereas the rich have a highly organized and structured living with full control over their lives.

One can argue that both are unhappy and dissatisfied, but the poor hate their situation and want a better, more dignified life.

Another revealing photograph is of a middle aged poor woman. Her name is Dorothy. She writes "My face shows the intensity of a pained woman. I've been ask for this mess. This (photograph) makes me look like a bum - I am not. I am fantastic Dorothy, a popular personality, the nicest person in the hotel."

Her statement shows how she had been victimized by violence. Although she admits she appears like a "bum", she rejects that concept - she is crying out I did not choose to end up this way, I am the opposite!

What Jim Goldberg eloquently demonstrates in his book "Rich and poor" are the casualties of American capitalism, those who lost the

struggle and the victors, those who inherited and maintained their wealth.

It's victors vs. vanquished; American dream vs. American nightmare. Surely an image that Reagan would prefer to deny exists.

The paradox of all this is that these are not even the poorest of the city, there are approximately 10,000 homeless, those who sleep in walkways, abandoned buildings like Poly High School. See for yourself; go at daybreak where the truly unlucky ones live, where irony and reality meet on 13th Street and Bryant underneath the freeway overpass and see the homeless emerge from their nightmares to begin their lifeless day.



This picture says that we are a very emotional & tight family, like the three musketeers

overty sucks, but it brings us closer together.

India Bonbo

POOR



Photo by Alana Alberts

OF SOUP AND SAINTS

Someone told me that Martin De Porres was a black saint. I didn't know there were any black saints but then I'm pretty confused about the whole concept of saints.

In theory, you have to die before you officially become a saint, isn't that the way it goes? Seems a weird kind of reward system to me. All I know is that there are quite a few living saints of all races and creeds working as volunteers at Martin de Porres' "House of Hospitality", a super soup kitchen on 23rd and Bryant in the heart of the Mission.

It was there that I was educated about saints by one of the guests as I ladled out a delicious rabbit soup the first day they opened after the Christmas holidays.

I had originally spoken to John Moore who, along with Barbara Collier head a team of about 100 volunteers who run the soup kitchen. I called him up because I'd heard that Martin de Porres might have to close due to eviction.

Apparently the building is owned by the man who owns the laundromat next door and he wants to expand.

I talked with John about all the relevant facts on the phone, but then he said "well if you really want to get a feel for the place you should come and volunteer" and I thought "good idea" and immediately went over for the lunch-time stint.

A lot of people have never heard of Martin de Porres: they only know about St. Anthony's, and I was one of them.

What I learned was that "Martin's", as it is affectionately known, serves free breakfast Monday through Friday 6 - 7:30 AM and free dinner from 12 - 3 Tuesday through Saturday. Free brunch is served on Sunday from 9 - 10:30 AM.

Smaller and more personal than St. Anthony's, it was part of the Catholic Worker movement which was begun by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin in 1933, but you don't have to be religious to either

eat there or help out.

The house philosophy is that eating is a right, not a privilege, and that feeding the hungry is a matter of justice, not of charity.

Martin's has been serving the hungry there for 15 years with no church or government funds, just individual donations of food or money.

As John said, "we never know what is going to be on the menu until we get there, it's creative cooking from donations." He had made the rabbit soup that day himself and I can vouch that it was one of the best soups I've ever tasted.

Not only is the quality impressive, but the quantity is unrestricted. Guests can eat as much as they need. No Oliver Twists there!

Also, people can stay as long as they like while the restaurant is open. No one is hustled out. On the contrary, I noticed that the guests are treated with infinitely more respect and care than are the paying clients at Jack-In-The-Box where those awful "Security" thugs pressure you to get out before you've virtually swallowed your last bite.

The atmosphere at Martin's is relaxed and friendly and guests relate on a first name basis.

The kitchen is spotless and all the volunteers wear freshly laundered green or red aprons. Everyone seems to have fun and I'd give credit to John's leadership for creating the positive easygoing atmosphere on that particular day.

I thoroughly enjoyed working there and found it one of the most gratifying volunteer gigs I've ever done. I felt I got back as much as I gave and I have every intention of going back if Martin's is still there.

But this very special little free restaurant is in danger of closing!

Martin de Porres has to move from 2826 23rd Street by March 31. They need \$300,000 to buy new premises so they can continue to

serve the 1,000 or so meals they've supplied for the last fifteen years.

They need help!

Donations of money, however small, are desperately needed to maintain this vital lifeline. Food and clothes are also always welcomed but right now money is the number one priority because without the kitchen there can be no soup.

So please, in this land of plenty where the irony of millions of dollars being spent on weight loss diets from too much food by some contrasts sadly with mass malnutrition and hunger for others, let's take care of those in our community who are struggling with basic survival.

For further info, call John or Barbara at 550-9091.

BY CLARE KNIGHT

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Trouble With Fake Blood?

Every Monday night for the past nine months, local filmmakers working feverishly on a cure for this and other problems facing the "McLuhan generation" have given the public an opportunity to view the results of their research, absolutely free, at a nightclub on the corner of 16th Street and Albion appropriately named The 16th Note.

"The Filmmakers' Showcase" was started last spring by two shadowy figures known, it seems, only by the monikers "Shawn" and "Jean-Louis".

I was unable to track them down for an interview in time for this article, but while Kelly McKlusky (one of the three people currently working on the Showcase) was untangling equipment, I was able to talk to the other two members of the team, program coordinators Karin Nordh and Peter Weisemann.

Under their direction, the program is expanding to include special showings by particular filmmakers such as Donna Cameron on February 17th and Dominic Angerame on March 10th. Plans are afoot to host opening night parties for special events at the Roxie Cinema, just down

the street from the 16th Note.

Grants have been applied for to purchase more advanced equipment such as a video system, and Peter is working out arrangements with Canyon Cinema, one of the largest independent, underground and experimental film libraries in the country, to bring in works from outside the Bay Area.



For these special events, there will be a two dollar cover charge. The rest of the Monday night showings will remain admission free.

They asked me to stress that during the regular open nights that "There is no screening process here! All you have to do to get your film (and possibly video by spring) shown is to walk in the door with it." Preferably before the show starts

at 9PM.

This should come as a welcome relief for those students and independents whose careers and aspirations have been continually frustrated by the institutional gauntlet.

As a result of this open-door policy, nude people made entirely of Leggo blocks are allowed to explain things about ourselves that we really may not want revealed, in terms

that only an audience built of Leggo blocks could comprehend.

Many are left shocked and dismayed as they realize at the end of another film that all the characters have the same nose.

In case you're one of those people that must have everything spelled out for you, a film is shown in which beautiful female dancers in tights slowly descend a

chromium spiral staircase, explaining it all in a timeless red light with perfectly studied gestures of their bodies and limbs.

The audience roars as a purse snatcher meets a bizarre fate trying to extricate his hand from a curious old woman's handbag.

Are these the Tobe Hoopers and Roger Cormans of tomorrow? Francesca, co-owner of the 16th Note doesn't think so.

She does, however, like thinking that she may discover one day that she drank saki with and helped foster the career of a 21st century Fellini or Zefferelli.

Filmmakers, themselves, should enjoy the unique forum her club provides for them to meet and mix with their audience in a pleasant dimly lit environ that lends itself both to uninhibited (occasionally drunken) socializing and/or voyeuristic anonymity

"There is so much more than just music," says Francesca, who maintains an eclectic repertoire of dance ensembles, theater troops, divergent forms of music and any or all of the above in combination.

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When we break out of the White Man's T.V. one-way culture imposed upon us, we develop within as we search for solutions. We become stronger, healthier, more patient, more at peace with ourselves and others as we use more of our inner powers.

Photo by Charles Keenard



Director Ray Patlan (left) and student-artists Eduardo Jurado and Barbara Dunvan are proud to show off the results of their efforts at a Creativity Explored workshop

Creativity Explored -- Impossible dreamer
2511 24th Street (phone 550-0828/29)

You are invited to visit San Francisco's first full-time visual arts center for the developmentally disabled.

We recognize with pride this aspect of Mission Culture. "This is not an arts and crafts busy-work studio," clarifies Ray Patlan, director. "We promote the art of the disabled which we think is as valuable as work found in major galleries." Patlan says his staff provide an encouraging unstructured environment where the artist-students can give free reign to their expression.

The goals of the center include the prevention of institutionalization of one of our most abused and neglected members of our community. Vitality itself is promoted in this well-equipped studio. Development and inner personal growth is achieved in this relaxed and stimulating environment.

Classes in Muralism, History, Design and Technique with muralist Juana Alicia are being given thanks to La Raza Graphics (648-0930) and C.A.C. Latino youth are encouraged to apply.

Today is Martin Luther King day.

Assembly at City Hall. We went to see Martin Luther King, Jr. School put on a play. Third-world kids crowded into the rotunda with teachers pushing out the memory of King. We sat through a lovely little chorus of essay contest, model minority choral reading. The kids return with a washed-out liberal sentiment of being proud, and welcomed in the Halls of Justice. Their performance was a rip off; being used as proof of great gains when human rights are still at the heart of our daily struggle. It is the events like these, like the huge marches and rallies, that are the mainstreaming of us we watch on T.V. The 'system' destroys people's culture. What happens in America is a fear of differences, a demorepublikan wash, the T-V-isation of us.

The Mission Cultural Center at 2451 Harrison also offers excellent cost-free Drawing and Screen printing classes open to the public. Pueblo, aproveche!



Isa Mura is a flamenco dancer who traces her roots from both the Mission and Latin America. She can tell you about living with her four children in one room and about her love for her work and appreciation for her position as a teacher, performer, choreographer and mother.

The Mission was suffering when she left it 25 years ago. There just wasn't the day-to-day means. People were living 2 or 3 families to one house and trying to get their relatives from El Salvador, Mexico or other places. She says that there was not the possibility then for the psyches fo these people to relax enough to take part in cultural or artistic things. She also admits, while hitting her fists together, that the stress and strain of her career

Isa Mura began teaching Ballet and Tap in her mother's garage at 9 years old and loves to teach, ??? passing of strict self-discipline, good posture and the heritage she understands as part of the Mission community's Latin American identity. She has never been to Spain, but taught in the 70s at La Raza Community Center at 362 Capp and has achieved notoriety in the Bay Area and Los Angeles. Her goals as of now are "limitless as long as the life force is running thru me." Through the Mission Cultural Center, she wants to realize performing with her company involving more Spanish musicians and men and children and bring other artists from Spain and elsewhere to give master classes.

Isa has submitted a grant proposal to the California Arts Council to continue her work. Latin women artists are statistically one the most ignored groups when it comes to getting major art financial support. She uses her creativity that there be no deficiency. And that the Mission have a vital culture and we all are more active and more at peace in ourselves as a result.

story by Maria Eder and Michael Page



NEIGHBORS by LYNN JOHNSON

New year, new beginnings, and the plum tree in front of my house began to show tiny blossom buds before the 15th. This is the earliest I can remember my personal harbinger of spring showing its face.

New beginnings, new growth, nice things to think about at the beginning of a year. One beginning I'd like to see is the transfer of some energy in our neighborhood.

I'd like to be able to drain off some of the money-making energy pervading our neighborhood (sky-rocketing rents that continue to force individual neighbors and neighborhood businesses out of our community) and pump that energy into the citizens of the community to enable us to effect more positive changes in our lives as individuals and as a cohesive community.

What would "more positive changes" be? There's a book titled Life After Life that recounts the experiences of many persons who have technically died and then come back to life. One of the insights common among these people privileged to an outside perspective of this life we live is that if there are any goals in this life, they are LEARNING and LOVING.

If we could each increase our learning and our loving

and then stick them in the garden or in a new pot. Getting your hands down in the dirt (potting soil included) and helping things grow is a really pleasant, grounding experience.

1986 seems a good year to think about learning and loving and this is a good time to start. There are many avenues of learning in our neighborhood including classes and libraries and new activities and just talking to more of your neighbors.

Loving is something we increase by doing. Be conscious of how you live your life and what you do with your time. Dedicate one day or one day each week to noticing what you do and how you do it.

With each activity ask yourself, "Is this a loving thing to do and a loving way to do it?" "Is this loving of myself?" (never forget to be loving to yourself). "Is this loving to my neighbors and my environment?" "Is this for the best benefit of all or just for my own ego enrichment?"

I think we're already a pretty wonderful community, but under the current national and local administrations all growth and change is measured by dollar increases for the few who own and manipulate, and this kind of change is all too

Photos by Alana Alberts



Clarion Cafe 2118 Mission

fast food restaurants in our neighborhood. My current favorite is PANCHO VILLA TAQUERIA at 3071 16th St. Super-clean, staffed by friendly neighbors, and they serve healthy foods in big portions at really low prices.

TAQUERIA EL FAROLITO #2 at 2092 Mission is another good one. ANDREAS IMPORTS AND DELI at 3091 16th Street is great for Creek specialties. MING'S GARDEN RESTAURANT has great nourishing Chinese food at really low prices at 2172 Mission Street, CAFE PICARO at 3120 16th St. is good, and the CLARION at 2118 Mission is great.

"Another new favorite Mexican restaurant for me is LA PERLA #2 at 1198 Treat Street (by 25th).

Remember that the megacorporation hamburger stands are also undermining the ecologies of other countries as their demand for beef forces more and more clearing for cattle production.

Rumor has it that the CORONA bar at 16th and Guerrero is trying to open the old Industrial Club across the street as a social service community club. Supposedly the police are against it because of two citations in November for selling drinks after hours, and supposedly the ABC is against it because of 12 protests about another bar in this area.

Personally, the CORONA has been on my blacklist ever

since I walked in one night and ordered a scotch and soda, and it took the bartender ten minutes to figure out how to make it.

While we're gossiping I heard that Kush tried to get the VALENCIA ROSE (that sounded great), but now INTERSECTION is trying for it. I hope that whoever gets it continues the tradition it maintained of a great community arts and presentation center.

Even more rumors: the ROXIE THEATRE has received ominous, perhaps even threatening calls about its upcoming showing of "Hail Mary". Just the rumor makes me want to see the film.

THE EYE GALLERY (758 Valencia Street) and Gable Channel 25 present a screening on February 16th at 8PM which examines one of post-modern society's most undervalued resources Public Access Television. Tapes drawn from Channel 25's past and present will be shown in a celebration of the diversity and vitality of Public Access.

The SAN FRANCISCO INSTITUTE OF MAGICAL AND HEALING ARTS has an impressive list of classes, workshops, and intensives for this spring. For more information, you can call 821-7145.

In connection with the SAN FRANCISCO AIDS ALTERNATIVE HEALING PROJECT I will be leading a support group for People with AIDS or ARC beginning in February on



Sister Christine 3012 16th st.

at the rate that rents increase and megacorporation junk-food palaces invade our neighborhood, we'd form a pretty wonderful community in a very short time period.

If you have access to a garden (and I see an awful lot of unused backyards in our neighborhood) or even window boxes, January is a good time to prune. The rainy season is also a great time for fertilizing since the rains wash it down into the earth.

It's a great time to get some cuttings from your neighbors even for houseplants. I stick cuttings in a dark green glass container with water and Vitamin B1 transplant starter and let them root,

prevalent in our neighborhood.

As a few make more and more money and rents continue to increase, each of us is forced to become more competitive and less cooperative just to maintain residence in the neighborhood we love.

Now there's another McDonald's at 16th and Mission (rumor from the advertising agency has it that the owner who also owns the Mac's at 24th and Mission is a vegetarian) and there's a Carl's Jr. proposed for 20th and Mission. And why do we support these megacorporations? Because the television tells us to?

There are certainly more nutritious, less expensive



Hungrys' Pizza 2152 Mission

Carmen

Friday mornings from 8:30 to 11:30. The cost will be \$2 - \$5 sliding scale.

This group is only for people with AIDS or ARC who want to use or are already using alternative healing methods. There are still a few spaces available.

In March, on my own, I will be beginning a support group for the Worried Well (members of the community who are healthy now, but terrified of contracting AIDS). For more information on either group, call 626-6565.

THE MISSION CULTURAL CENTER invites you to discover a new world of learning this winter. Among the variety of music/dance classes being offered are flamenco, samba,

Friday February 28th at 8PM.

The Noh Oratorio Society presents "Saints and Singing" by Gertrude Stein on Sunday, February 16th at 3PM at STUDIO EREMOS (PROJECT ARTAUD), 401 Alabama Street.

If you're a man who hits your wife or lover, you're not alone. Male violence is a problem in more than half of all adult relationships.

You can stop being abusive. The men at MEN OVERCOMING VIOLENCE (MOVE) are currently accepting new clients for group and individual counseling. MOVE is a nonprofit agency that has been helping men in the Bay Area for the last six years.

At MOVE, men are working together to find alternatives to violence. Services



Carlos

Mexican folkloric ballet, congolese drumming, traditional Aztec dance and capoiara... the unique Brazilian martial art and dance.

Screen painting and design, figure drawing and graphics courses and a film production workshop are also being offered. Some courses are absolutely free but enrollment is limited, so stop by the Center soon at 2451 Harrison Street or call 821-1155 for more information.

Topical songsmiths with music to inspire and empower you will be at MODERN TIMES BOOKSTORE Saturday, February 8th at 8PM, and at ARTEMIS CAFE, Valencia and 23rd,

are provided on a sliding scale. For more information, or to begin counseling right away, call 626-MOVE.

If you're a woman over 40 and need job information tailored to your needs, OPTIONS FOR WOMEN OVER 40 offers unique services to mature women looking for work. You can stop in their offices in the WOMEN'S BUILDING, 3543 18th Street, or call 431-6405.

The blossoms in front of my house are reminding me that this is a good time of year to plan what you'd like to grow.



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POETRY CONTEST UPDATE

The North Mission Poetry Contest has received over 500 entries. The judges have been diligently piling through these but it has proven an enormous task. Therefore, we are forced to delay announcing a winner until our next issue which will be published March 1,

At this time, the judges have narrowed it down to 60 poems. The NMN wishes to thank all of the entrants who made the contest a success and ask for your continued patience for another month at which time we will have a winner.



TALL GIRLS

TALL GIRLS

- by Susan and the Monkey

We had the pleasure of seeing "TALL GIRLS" at the New Performance Gallery on December 7. "TALL GIRLS", known on the street as Jill Daly, Harriet Garfinkle and Marcia Paulsen, were very good and we hope to see more of them in the New Year.

This four year old troupe which explores popular culture staged a series of five short pieces which ranged from good to excellent. We were particularly impressed by the props and staging, which were perpetrated like a performance themselves.

The New Performance Gallery complemented TALL GIRLS and their production; it's one of the best performance spaces in the Mission.

Themes and material were drawn from familiar sources. The first piece, "Triceratops", was the most abstract. Choreography by Harriet Garfinkle seemed rushed and packed each bar of music, which was by Lori Anderson. The dancers concentrated on getting all the moves in as opposed to expression and grace.

The overall effect seemed hurried and the theme undeveloped. Triceratops is a 3-horned dinosaur.

"Trash Cash" also a premiere, was produced by Doug Skinner. We did not like it.

Its Be-Bop for "small change" was very average. It did make excellent use of plastic and those pennies everyone collects. Jill Daly was very good in this piece despite what she had to work with.

At this point the show took a major turn and the pieces became less experimental and much more effective.

"Pink Camouflage", again a premiere, was dynamite; its choreography by Marcia Paulsen was terrific and the theatrical aspect was very well done. The music by Stewart Copeland, the dance, the feeling were all developed and everything worked.

It was an endearing piece and had none of the female buffoonery of "Trash Cash".

"45RPM" followed and was the highlight of the night and good clean fun.

Jill Daly's piece about a woman coming home and listening to music by the Ronettes and Aretha Franklin was superb. The visitations were cleverly done with many surprises. Jill Daly displayed good comic sense.

The last piece, which came much too soon, also choreographed by Jill Daly, was entitled "Tall Girls Wear High Heels". Music by Bob Lesoine worked well with this piece, as did the good costumes. The "Cosmo-girl" image, while we hope becoming a cliché, still affords many laughs.

This piece was enjoyable and we hope that the TALL GIRLS develop and create, taking their themes about popular culture a step further.

Worth noting was the dancing of Pamela Boucher. It was very good. We both will make a point of seeing more of the TALL GIRLS as they rise above the group. You should also.

Lonely, need a date?
Call Datetime 1-800-972-7676.

BULLETINS

Less than a month after MUNI fares rose by 25%, City Hall now has unleashed a proposal to cut several lines and to reduce service on the 47 and 14L, two critical Mission routes. Turns out that 90% of the fare increase goes into the General Fund (a political pork-barrel) and not to MUNI.

Such outrages are not unknown, but never have the politicians expressed their contempt for the public so overtly and so rapidly. They're counting on the chance that no one will call them to account. Will you?

THE U.S. STEEL BUILDING

MUNI is planning to take over the U.S. Steel Building at 16th and Folsom Street.

The building will house MUNI's articulated coaches, those accordion style twin buses. MUNI hopes to move in by the fall of 1987.

MUNI is planning to build a parking garage for its employees at the corner of Alameda and Harrison Street. One must wonder what will happen to the parking spaces on Folsom Street.

CARL'S JR.

Another fast food franchise in the Mission? Perhaps.

On Thursday, Jan. 23, the Planning Commission considered a request for conditional use at 2401 Mission Street (at the southeast corner of 20th). Carl's Jr. would like to build a restaurant with seating capacity for 83 people.

In a letter to zoning administrator Robert Passmore, North Mission Association President Dave Spero opposed Carl's Jr., calling instead for a one year moratorium on fast food chains.

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A FILM BY JEAN-LUC GODARD



□ Fri • Jan 31 - Thurs • Feb 13

Jean-Luc Godard's
HAIL MARY
(JE VOUS SALUE MARIE)

"Hail Mary is simply the latest chapter in the ongoing autobiography that Godard is writing on film. Of course it isn't always easy to understand just what he's reporting in any one film but each film represents another report from the 'front,' that is, from a restless mind that has something of the shark about it. It can only breathe, stay alive, by remaining in motion, constantly moving on. It seems to be completely serious in its concerns, which, in this case, have to do, I believe, with the ultimate expression of faith and with the ultimate expression of feminism." — Vincent Canby, *N.Y. Times*. Marie's boyfriend is Joseph, a taxi driver, appropriately enamored of his divinely-destined lover, even though she's not quite his lover. Through no fault of Joseph's, Marie becomes pregnant, with a little help from the clouds, the sea and a Character who doesn't get screen credit. Marie is soon bound in the outrageous cosmogony of her plight, while Joseph, all too human, turns at the bizarre turn of events. Godard offers a lively fable replete with symbolism and theological illogic. It is perhaps because of Godard's gentle pokes at the myths that have swayed a civilization that the censors are most in arms. "Audacious" Godard endows Marie with a nobility of spirit. The ideas and images are provocative. A serious movie by one of the cinemas most important and innovative directors. William Wolf. With the extraordinarily erotic Myriem Roussel as Marie. Thierry Lacoste, Philippe Lacoste. In French. Color. 35mm. 1985.

863-1087



3117 16th Street

COMPLAINT DEPT.



LANDLORDS!

Ever since the Patels here in my hotel were forced by the S.F. fire inspectors to quit chainlocking the rear grill gate after 10:00 pm, here comes the same gang of acne scarred, hobo faced whores with their junk habits and middle class dates who can't get what they want from their wives. Even Howdy Doody with wooden brains could see what kind of traffic, muck and mire this brings in.

That's more than I can say for this hotel's management. It seems to me that all that is important is rent, rent, rent!

The Manson gang could move in here and set up shop and they wouldn't even know it. They won't scrutinize renters because they're not interested and even paying rent is difficult.

They put the wrong dates on my rent receipts and send some of my mail to other rooms. This I can prove. I've got the rent receipts to show it. I've got two people who will attest to the fact that my mail was slide under their door even though my name and room number were on the envelope.

If someone ever pulls a Gartland number down here I hope I'm at my mother's house watching the wrestling matches on TV. Not here.

The insane asylums are packed so we get the overflow and in knowing that, you don't know what kind of people move in and we have the Patels running this leaky boat that sinks deeper each day.

ROACHES!

So what if I did 2 years in the low 8th at Horace Mann Jr. High on Bartlett Street! So what if this typer I'm using doesn't rip it all out for you! So what if I got into a fist fight with Carlos Santana in James Lick's schoolyard and the gym teachers had to break it up!

So what!

Why do only the good people in hotels die? Why don't the bad ones? Not to say that I wish death on the

bad people but it seems that real good folks die quicker than the lawbreakers and the rest. Strange... don't you think? I guess we can't help it any.

Last week I was sleeping soundly, alone for a change, and when I awoke I couldn't hear out of one ear so I went to an EN&T doc on Mission St. and after examining my ear he extracted a big copper colored roach!!!

That's right. Yeah man, A Big One!

I drank a few nightcaps and went to bed. It happened in my sleep or something when the roach got into my ear. Close to the drum, as the doctor said.

I showed some of the medical forms to the Patels who run the place and got a dumb response. I asked them if the Rose Exterminator still has a contract with this place.

All I got in return was some gobbly-gook that was a bit in-understandable. No offense please.

To all you readers out there that are enjoying this column, if you ever spray or stomp on a roach (especially if you live in a Patel hotel like this one) I send my blessings.

3) COPS!

My last complaint for this month took place outside my hotel. It's about something that took place up in Dolores Park, the biggest park in the Mission Dist.

Me, TJ, T. Bones, our galfriend Hurricane and two bearded hippies were sitting on the benches enjoying out the afternoon of the park. TJ had his big-ass Doberman Pincer tied up at one end of the bench and I had mine tied up at the other end. Stereo Dobs.

After a while I went to the store and got us all a big jug of Calistoga Mineral Water. Here's the kicker. A police paddy wagon came cruising down the pathway and stopped.

It stopped!

It stopped right in front of all six of us sitting there drinking pure water

right from the bottle. We were all taken in for drinking in a public park.

Mineral water!

T. Bones had the mineral water in his hands when the cop wagon came and when we got to the station they called him "Kid Calistoga". We all got four hours detention at the station and then were cut loose.

I was called an "asshole" and a "punk". I didn't even open my mouth.

I'm one lucky Irishman. I can control my temper.

In the paddy wagon we were all cuffed together... except for TJ. He had one free hand and our hippies

had some cannabis buds so TJ was able to take the buds and disseminate them in our mouths, just like holy communion at church.

The heat in the holding tank was awful, at least 150 degrees. I could hear the cops asking Hurricane what her name was. At the registration center, she answered "Hurricane".

The cops said "what's your real name?" She replied "Hurricane".

The cops said "If they put you in the same tank as those idiots, they'd probably pull a train on you", and she said, "I'd love it."

by Billy Badd

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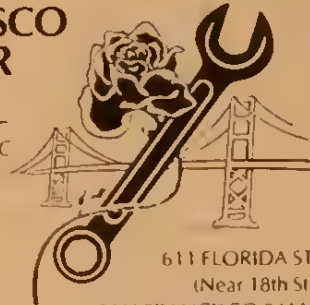
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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST
GOLDEN GATE VALLEY

The San Francisco Public Library on the corner of Green and Octavia Streets is called the Golden Gate Valley branch, and this is the only place I know of where this name is still evident. The unofficial name for the whole, general area is, and always was, "Cow Hollow" but, in the beginning, the early-day city government named it Spring Valley in order to describe the place.

There were any number of good springs along the steep, south slope of the district and they caused little meadows and ponds to form which attracted early dairymen. For a number of years there were small dairy herds dotted here and there all the way from Polk Street to the Presidio. They lay in a kind of hollow because of the natural hills to the east, south and west, and the great sand dunes along what is now Chestnut, Francisco and Bay Streets as far out as the Fillmore.

As part of the industrialization of the north shore, the dunes were graded out and leveled; the material being dumped in the large salt water lagoon, centered around the present block of North Point, Beach, Pierce and Steiner Streets, or whatever they call the streets down there now.

"Cow Hollow" was a natural, descriptive name which has stuck with us common folk all through the years, but most of the people living over there now call it the Marina. To me, having been raised there, the Marina district is, and always was, the area north of Chestnut Street where, in 1915, the beautiful Panama Pacific International Exposition stood.

Much of the land had to be

filled and raised to proper grade levels in order to form a base for this marvelous extravaganza. Some of the fair sat on the former Virginia Vanderbilt Marina Tracts, and that is the earliest usage of the word "Marina".

Around the time I was born, there were docks for small boats about where Scott and Jefferson Streets are now, just inside the sea-wall as it was then, but they were known as Fisherman's Wharf! So, because of the confusion brought on by our Spring Valley Water Company, the water program adopted about 1875 which used San Mateo County sources for the City, the name "Spring Valley" was dropped and the whole district north of Broadway and west of Larkin Street to the Presidio Wall became Golden Gate Valley, and that may still be the official name. I don't know.

For a time, the northern shore area was called Harbor View. Old-timers, like myself, will remember the Harbor View Baths, a hot salt water spa at Baker and Jefferson Streets, across from Stone's shipyard and the big Fulton Iron Works, and just north of the fresh water lagoon which was cleaned out and used as the beautiful frontage for the Palace of Fine Arts.

The reason I know all this is because, by accident, I grew up in Cow Hollow.

The 1906 Earthquake and Fire was the accident which forced us off our perch at the top of Russian Hill near Union and Leavenworth Streets where I was born, and sent us scurrying to the safety of the Presidio. We, my Father, Aunt, Uncle, Grandmother and I, lived in a kind of tent city there and were well fed and treated kindly by the Army for a time, until we could be moved to the Sherman school on Union Street between Franklin and Gough.

There, we were bedded down in a classroom and the grown-ups did all their cooking out at the street curb. I was 8 years old then, and I learned we were living in what had been the old Spring Valley school which had grown from a one-room schoolhouse built in

1852 and which, through its early years, depended mainly on the support of the farmers and dairymen in the valley for their children's education.

After a short time there, we moved into our own little "cottage" in Lobos Square (now Moscone Playground) when Chestnut Street was still a dirt road. This had, at first, just been a good distribution center in a large tent, but "refugee shacks" were set up as quickly as possible and now we could do our own indoor cooking!

The name, Lobos Square, was later changed to Funston Park and for good reason. The organizational abilities of Major-General Frederick Funston are well worth mentioning here; the coolness of this man avoided

much exposure, hunger and confusion in those first weeks and months following the 1906 disaster.

We later moved into a semi-permanent residence on Lombard and Laguna Streets



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where my father had managed to get two shacks connected, and even added a kitchen! This was 1774 Lombard, where my grandmother set out a nice flower garden and my father put up a picket fence to protect it. These were still only temporary buildings so, at a later time, we moved to a flat at 1807 Union Street.

Looking back now, it seems that I spent all my youth moving from place to place in Cow Hollow. My last residence in the hollow was 2052 Union, near Webster Street, and next door to the old Cudworth home which is #2040 and, I am told, is now an antique and gift shop. That house was built back in the 1860's or 70's, but before I talk about the Cudworth family I should lay a little groundwork.

Elijah Ward Pell was a farmer. He and about 240 other Mormons headed by Sam Brannan rounded the Horn and landed in Yerba Buena in the summer of 1846. It is said that this party of settlers off the good ship "Brooklyn" just about doubled the population of this village, which changed its name to San Francisco the next year.

Mr. Pell, in his search for a place to farm, learned that the whole eastern half of what is now Cow Hollow was claimed by Thomas Larkin, the American Vice-Consul to California at Monterey. Since the United States was now at hostilities with Mexico, Larkin probably felt he could get away with grabbing this huge tract of land, previously a Diaz claim.

Pell wrote to Larkin with a description of a choice piece and received a price quote of \$100 for a good plot for farming. This measured 200 x 100 yards at about where Laguna and Green Streets are now. So Mr. and Mrs. Pell became the first American settlers in Cow Hollow.

About three years later, James and Abel Cudworth came here and approached Mr. Pell for the purpose of renting the northwest corner of the property to set up a dairy. The rent was fixed at one quart of milk each day and all the cow manure for the Pell farm.

The name Pell disappeared, but his daughter, Hettie Green, became well publicized for many years as the claimant to several large chunks of land around here; she was in and out of court frequently.

James Cudworth went on to found the "Dairy Delivery Ranch". This name shows up much later, in my time, used by the Haley Brothers who expanded this business and finally sold out to Borden's in the 30s.

Early on, Cudworth exercised "Squatters' Rights" on various pieces of meadow land in the area, and so, could increase his herd of dairy cows. This common

practice in early San Francisco was done by merely fencing land not in use and laying claim to it in court.

It sounds easy, but squatters caused many fights and even some murders. Since most people carried guns in those years, a squatter had better know what he was doing!

In 1853 James Cudworth got title to his first piece of fenced land. A few years after he built his house, that still stands at 2040 Union, he built the "Wedding Houses" for two of his children, and they still stand at 1980 Union Street. His youngest son Emory was born in 1880 and, after the turn of the century, became the one to deal with for the extensive Cudworth properties.

Ephraim Burr built a house at Van Ness and Filbert in 1852. He probably discovered that he was too

close to Washer Woman's Lagoon, which lay in an area about where Filbert and Lombard intersect Franklin and Octavia Streets today, and was already beginning to suffer from pollution. In 1853, he bought two parcels up on Vallejo Street between Franklin and Gough, and built a fine house which is still standing at #1772.

The stench from slaughter houses, tanneries and hog farms in the valley worsened every year and, in 1855, he started a campaign to have them and the dairies moved out of the city. In 1856 he took leave of his presidency of his Clay Street Bank and ran for mayor and won, serving one three-year term. He did this because a son had died in a cholera epidemic in Cow Hollow, which he believed was caused by the rank pollution in the ponds, creeks and rivulets in the Hollow.

Burr got some rulings from the courts against the unwanted industries, but they didn't move to Hunters Point until 1870. The dairies were finally legislated out in 1902.



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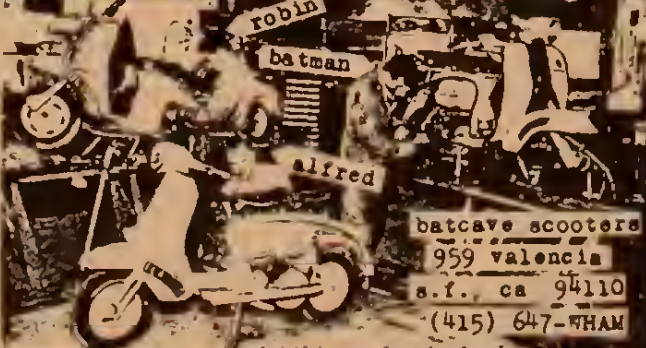
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